

THE
Infernal Congress:
OR,
News from Below.
Being a 12316.00.15
LETTER
FROM
Dick Estcourt,
The late Famous
COMEDIAN,
TO THE
SPECTATOR.

— Per Ego hec loca plena timoris,
Per Chaos hec ingens, vastique silentia Regni,
Euridices oro properata retexite fila.
Omnia debemur vobis; paulumque morati
Seribus aut citius sedem properamus ad unam;
Tendimus hic omnes, hec est Domus ultima —

The Second Edition Corrected.

LONDON:
Printed for J. Baker, at the Black-Boy in Pater-
Noster-Row. 1713. (Price 6d.)



THE PREFACE.

VIRTUE, tho' attended with the most Alluring Charms, is very often neglected and contemned, whilst Vice is admired and applauded by us, hugging with eager Transports the Darling Viper in our Bosom, tho' its Infection gives Birth hereafter to the most violent Convulsions. The Wise and Ingenious SPECTATOR has contributed more by his Speculations to the advancing of Virtue and Morality, and given a greater Check to the growing Vices of the Times, than all the Endeavours of United Societies with florid Sermons and pompous Feasts. This *Great Man* (like the physician that gilds the bitter Pill,

The Preface.

to recommend it the better to the Palate) pleased us where he give us Pain ; and Instructions combin'd with Wit and Humour will never fail to meet with the desired Success. The Design of this Pamphlet is not to reflect on those who claim by their Decease the most favourable Scrutiny of their Actions, but by shewing Vice in its Native Dress of Shame and Contempt, to deter the Living from imitating the Deceased Patrons of it. The Dissenters formerly cherished several ridiculous Gestures and familiar Phrases in Sacred Things, which the Wiser Part among them have long ago rejected. An unnatural Abuse of a Man's Countenance is not now thought a necessary Qualification of an Edifying Teacher, tho' a few of the inbre obstinate among them may still indulge themselves in the loo-

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The Preface.

er Aits of *Tony Lee* or *Hugh Peters*.
No Age has been more fertile of
Authors than this.

Our unhappy Divisions have been fomented by the Hirelings of each Party, who, like Pick-pockets, wrangle among themselves that they may with less Suspicion dive into the Fobs of the unwary Spectators; the late Tax has suppress'd several of these Politicians; the *Observator*, before his Decease, had so stupified his Brains with the *Countryman's October*, that his *Quietus* was a Relief to his sinking Genius: The *Review*, who was last Winter an Eminent Jockey at *Utrecht*, now (like Prince *Almanzor*) attacks sometimes his Foes, and sometimes his Friends. *Jack Dyer's Letter* is entirely calculated for Fox-hunters, and works best over a Barrel of Brown Beer. The Ingenious Mr. *Roper* is ambitious to appear

The Preface.

pear in the first Rank of Heroes, and (*Jacob-like*) would cheat his Elder Brother, the *Examiner*, of his Birthright; his Reflections are sometimes so pungent that I have seen them draw Tears of Remorse from the most obstinate Whigs. Orthodox *Ridpath*, who is the present Oracle of the High-flying Whigs, has sung their Heroic Actions in *Gracious-street*, in Lofty Strains, and seems inclined to make a farther Essay in Poetry, which makes the Party apprehensive that he will retire to *Duck-lane*; and there sing his own Ballads. If such Papers as these, tho' destitute of Sense and good Manners, can be read thrice a Week with Pleasure, the Author hopes this small Piece may contribute in some Measure to the Diversion and Entertainment of the Courteous Reader.

Vale.

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THE
Infernal Congress:

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News from Below.

Being a

LETTER, &c.

Brandipolis,
October 1712.

Mr. S P E C T A T O R,

I Promis'd you before my Departure to these Regions to communicate any Thing of Moment that occur'd to me in my Journey, or any of the Remarkable Transactions of this Place, that might entertain you or your Gay Friend *Will. Honeycomb.* I shall not now indulge my Spleen in reflecting on the

the ill Usage I met with; you have done me Justice in that Particular, by informing the World, that had my Genius and Parts met with a suitable Encouragement, they would have been a Bright Ornament to the Stage. The Physician had no sooner in his last Prescription signed my Execution, but imperiously, like a Judge, withdrew, and left the Apothecary, as Finisher of the Law, to execute his Decree. The Executioner having done his Part, my Soul being delivered from its long Confinement, fled with the utmost Alacrity towards the *Plutonick* Kingdoms: I had scarce reach'd Six Miles but I perceived a great Alteration in the Air; it was purged of those gross Particles that infest the lower Regions, and refin'd into a Substance not unlike those cool and fanning Breezes the Poets imagine as refreshing the Mansions of the Muses. 'Tis impossible to describe the pleasing Prospect I had of Ten Thousand Glorious Worlds all around me. I met an *Italian* Abbot here, who frankly told me that he Died of the Pox, and as Hudibrass saith, *Old Sinners have all Points of the Compass in their Joints and Bones.*

So this gay Sinner carries with him a Perpetual Almanack, which foretels the sudden Changes of the Weather with greater Veracity than the Prognostications of *Partridge*, or any other God-father of the Stars. The Sharpness of the Air exposed him to violent Pains, which did not check the Gayety of his Humour, but he strove to divert the Torment by reflecting on several Merry Passages of his Life ; says he, *About a Month before my Decease I was employed to send some Bottles of Asses Blood to the West-Indies, having affixed to them the Names of several Saints, and consigned it to the Missionaries there.* The Archbishop of Toledo wanting his usual Complement of Relicks, several of the Saints Bones being reduced to Ashes, sent to Rome for a Recruit. By Order of his Holiness I drew a Bill on the next Churchyard for a certain Quantity of broken Skulls and decayed Bones, which were sent in great Pomp to Spain, having done several Miracles by the Way ; the Skulls were particularly Remarkable for frightening several peevish Children into Obedience, and the Pouder of one of them gave great Relief to an Old Woman. As we drew near the Plutonick

B Kingdoms

Kingdoms an unusual Warmth convinced me that my Journey was almost finished, when of a sudden, to my great Surprize, I saw a great River enveloped with dark Clouds of Smoke, and a Thousand Ghosts wandering on its Banks. We parted here; I hastened to a little Hill which was in Possession of several Battalions from *Denain*, who wait here for their Arrears. There were a few Wits here Wind-bound for want of *Reino*. On an adjacent Hillock were several *Indian* Kings, *Muscovite* Noblemen, Half-pay Officers, Bullies, and Gamesters, who had an Embargo laid on them for the same Account. I approached to the Ferry, where *Charon* and Two Friars were engaged in a warm Dispute about the Fare; says the Old Man, (pointing to a Dozen Elders just come from *London*, where there was a Rot lately among the Saints,) Two such thriving Sinners as you will outweigh all those puny Ghosts: Not long ago carrying over *Pius Quintus*, who was lately Canonized with Two Cardinals, the whole Crew were in Danger of perishing; they having split the Difference, the Debate ended. My Poverty denied me the Benefit of this Opportunity. I waited here a considerable Time, indulging Melancholy

lancholy Thoughts, and of a sudden saw
 a Ghost advancing towards me with an
 Air of Concern; I arose, and soon dis-
 covered it was my Lord Godolphin; I
 thank'd my Stars for this Opportunity;
 and *Charon* beckening to us, we approach-
 ed the Boat, where, to my great Surprize,
 the 35 Millions fell to Two-pence Three-
 Farthings, which was all the Cash he
 had with him. I recommended him to
Charon as a Gentleman that had enjoy'd
 the High Dignity of Treasurer; at which
 the Old Man burst into a violent Fit of
 Laughter, and told him he was the first
English Treasurer that ever came to him
 with such a foolish Errand. A Receiver-
 General of a County, and the Collector,
 having a Curiosity to travel on the Pub-
 lic Stock, join'd a Bankrupt who had
 made a considerable Estate by breaking;
 they generously paid for our Passage; our
 whole Crew was a Medley of different
 Nations, each indulging themselves in
 their peculiar Humours: The *English*
 were warmly debating the Doctrines of
 Passive-obedience and Non-resistance:
 Two of the most Furious Disputants
 gave so great an Offence to the whole
 Company, that *Charon* heaved them o-
 verboard into a warm Bath; the Di-

sputes encreasing, they divided; one Part joined the *Dutch*, who were laying Schemes for erecting a Fishery on the River *Styx*, whilst the other Part join'd the *French*, who were very intent on the Grandeur and Politeness of their Court and Nation, advancing several Ingenious Schemes for improving the Horn Manufacture. The *Germans* were boozing themselves in *Acherontine* Waters, whilst the *Spaniards* sat like Senators, reflecting with a secret Disdain on the Loquacity of the *French*, and the rude Deportment of the *Dutch*, now and then launching out in the Praise of their Barren Countrey. The *Scotch*, who are naturally Fidlers, played several Marches of their antient Heroes on their Arms and Shins. There was but One *Irishman* with a *Higlander*, who were contriving to steal *Charon's* Bottle of Strong-waters; the *Irishman* cajol'd him with a great many Dear-Joys, whilst the *Higlander* was refreshing his Spirits with the pleasing Liquor; the Bottle being almost exhausted, he filled the Compliment with Briny Waters. *Teagie* having drank very plentifully of it, it immediately began to operate with violent Pain, till he was eas'd by Vomit: The Old Man mistrusting, examined his

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Bottle, and soon discovered their Knavery, which so disgusted him, that he swore he would never carry an *Irishman*, or any of his Kindred, over again. We having landed, I was surprized at the Horror that invaded every Countenance, till I was inform'd they kept a Fast to avert the Miseries of a Peace. I take this Opportunity by an Express which is going to the *Hague*, our Court being advised that they design to carry on the War, which occasions great Rejoicings here; and Affairs bear a better Prospect since the Arrival of several Battalions from *Doway*, *Quesnoy* and *Bouchain*. As I was wandring at my first Arrival hither, I met *Joseph Hains*, who is a Retaler of the Law; so generously invited me to his Houfe, and surpriz'd me with an agreeable Account of the Politick Government of his House: Says he, *My little Tabernacle is a Seminary for all Petty-foggers, Quill-drivers, and Bayliffs.* I saw *Jack Hall* here, who tells a Lie as naturally as if his Father had been an Almanack-maker, and his Mother a Gypsie; he is Master of as many Villanies as are necessary to make an Accomplish'd Lawyer. I was surprized to hear the Learned Anatomist, Dr. *Tyson*, crying,

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Any Corns to cut, any Corns to cure, and was followed by Queen Dido, who was singing a Melancholly Ditty, call'd, *The Unconstant Lovers: Or, Maids take Care of your Plackets.* The Famous Messalina sells Cundams in a little Stall by fo's Houfe: I adjourned to a Neighbouring Coffee-house to take a little Refreshment where the *Literati* were engaged in a warm Debate, who was the greatest Divine since the Apostles Time: Zwinglius and Knox highly extoll'd Luther and Calvin. There was a great Confusion among them, each naming his darling Divine; there was one that propos'd Mr. Hoadly, but had he been as little indebted to his Heels as that Gentleman, he would have been the Jeft of the Coffee-house; a Gentleman, whom I suppos'd to be Mr. Dodwell, induſtriously undertook to perſwade them, that a bright Star that lately appeared at St. Paul's, had more zealously defended the Interests of Christianity than either of the other Two. A Pedling Friar having ſet up his Stall in a noted Town in Germany, ſold his Wares with great Dexterity; ſome bought Pardons for their former Transgressions, whilſt others procured a farther Licence to Sin. Luther having a Stock of Indulgences by him,

him, was disgusted that a Foreigner should forestal the Market, and in a Publick Discourse to the People ingeniously confessed that they were imposed on by the Clergy, and discovered the Cheat with so much Art, that the Indulgences fell next Day 50 *per Cent.* and the poor Friar was obliged to pack up for a better Market. As for *John Calvin*, the Presbyterian High-Priest, Ambition and Spleen, excited him to appear at the Head of a Faction, where he invented Difficulties sufficient to frighten Men from Salvation. A little Fellow stepping in with a Broad-brim Hat, and Shoe-strings so exactly ty'd, that denoted him a most Notable Man, interrupted him, and told the Company that the Doctor had done several Miracles; a Woman at *Coventry* that had been Barren for several Years was cured by him to her great Satisfaction: He converted Doctor *Richardson* with good *Pontac*, and convinced him with *Burgundy*, that a Rectorship was preferable to a Lecturer's Place in *Pinners-Hall*; nay, says he, Fire and Brimstone came out of his Mouth at *St. Paul's*, to the great Astonishment of the Spectators, and yet he was not consumed: Mr. *Dodwell* offering to chastise him for his Insolence,

lence, a Gentleman coming in gave a different Turn to the Discourse, and told us, that *Tony Lee*, Chaplain in Ordinary to his *Plutonick Majesty*, was in Disgrace, which occasion'd various Speculations here, till the Gazetteer obliged us with the following Account ; *Tony Lee*, who was never denied the Privilege of Access to *Proserpine*, endeavoured to apply his last Opportunity to *Cuckold his Majesty*. *Tony* being retired to her Closet, began to cough and spit as usual, which was a Hint to *Proserpine* to fetch a Cordial, which she mistook, and brought refined Spirits of Brandy, of which *Saints* drank as plentifully as if it had been the New Milk of the Word : The Liquor began to work very powerfully; his Corruptions rising, the Old Man had got an entire Conquest over the New. *Tony* began to be very familiar with her, produced several Texts of Scripture to prove that all Things were lawful for the *Saints*, and that they were made for them. *Proserpine*, who has a very scrupulous Conscience, consented to have her Womb sanctified by *Tony's Puritan Flail*. *Pluto* discovered him with his Commission in his Hand, at which he was so enraged, that he ordered *Galenus*, who is his Sowgelder in Extraordinary, to castrate

strate him, which was immediately done, and they are now to be seen as a Rarity in that Gentleman's Closet. Proserpine was mightily afflicted at the Loss of this precious Pains-taker ; his Place is to be supplied by Hugh Peters, till the Arrival of Daniel Burgess, who has obtained a Grant of it. The Office of Hangman-general being vacant by the Resignation of Phalaris, the Tyrant, it was advertized in the Gazette, that all the Candidates for that Employment should appear at the usual Place, to shew their several Titles, in order to proceed to a New Election. On the Day appointed the Court met ; there was a vast appearance of Petty-foggers, Bayliffs, Bullies, and Affidavit-men, who were very Industrious in their Endeavours to attain this Dignity. Silence being demanded, the Crier Proclaimed by order of the Court, that all Illustrious Villains, by whatsoever Title dignified or distinguished, may now put in their several Claims : The first that appeared was a Yorkshire Attorney, with a List of all the Families he had ruined : Then advanced a grave Physician, who had poisoned a whole Family for Fifty Pound ; and was succeeded by an Affidavit-man, who pleaded as Merit, that he had sworn

Six Men out of their Lives, and Twenty Younger Brothers into good Estates : Several other puny Villains appeared, but were dismiss'd by the Court, as unworthy such an Honourable Employment. The Court adjourned, and ordered Two of their Body for better Dispatch to hear the Reasons of the several Candidates, and to present those of most Merit at their next Meeting : The Court being returned, the following Persons were presented ; *Nero*, Emperor of *Rome*, *Cromwell*, the Protector, Sir *Phelim O Neal*, and *Guido Faux*. *Nero* appeared very gay on this Occasion, and solac'd himself in the Reflection of those Black Crimes he had committed : The Court told him his Merit was great, and his Villanies would have been Illustrious, had they been done by him in a lower Sphere, but considering his Dignity, as Emperor, he might have improv'd his Opportunities much better ; and a *Roman* Emperor, not a *Roman* Pontiff, would have been *Pluto's* Eldest Son. *Cromwell* said, His Birth had not qualified him to begin the World with a glittering Equi-page of shining Villanies, but his Murther of that Pious Prince, under Pretence of Justice, was a much better Jest than

now before this time

Nero's

xii

Nero's setting Two or Three Cabins a Fire, when he might have laid all *Rome* in Ashes : *Faux's* Petition met with a general Applause, and a silent Murmur of his Merit spread thro' the Hall ; the Court told him that had he finished his Intentions his Merit would have been unquestionable, but his Compassion for the Lord *Monteagle* was a Stain which would fully so high a Dignity. Sir *Phelim O Neal* presented to the Court a List of all the Men, Women, and Children, he had put to Death with the most Exquisite Tortures, contrary to the most Solemn Vows and Protestations, and thought his making several Pounds of Candles of the Grease of a Fat *Scotchman* would equal either *Nero's* or *Cromwell's* Jest. A Petition being lodg'd in the Court by an unknown Hand, (tho' suppos'd to be a Whig,) in Favour of a certain Monarch, which urged that his inhuman Persecution of his own Subjects, and his involving all *Christendom* in a Bloody War, were Crimes that bore an unquestionable Title ; and to compleat it, he had in several Treaties made a Jest of all *Europe* : The Court having considered it as scandalous, and reflecting on so good an Ally, ordered it to be burnt

by the Hands of the Common Hangman, and then withdrew ; and in a short Time returned , having unanimously chosen Sir Phelim O Neal . Edward Spurling , late Turn-key of Newgate , was Knighted here , and having delivered the following Note to the Court , he was declared Deputy to Sir Phelim .

‘ Whereas we understand by our Cousin Jack Ketch’s Letter of the great Merit and ingenious Behaviour of Edward Spurling , late Gentleman-Usher of Newgate , we recommend him to you as worthy of your Consideration .

Given at our Palace .

Nich. Machiavell , Secretary .

Having read all their Papers , I paid my Peny , and wandred thro’ several Streets , till I saw a great Croud at some Distance ; advancing towards them I was informed , that Tom Brown was condemned to stand in the Pillory for writing a Satyr , call’d , *The Intrigues of Proserpine , and Beau Fielding , who is Gentleman-Usher to her Majesty* ; Tom being exalted above his Brethren , seemed very well pleased to see so great an Appearance at his Levee , and having demanded Attention in the most moving Terms , made the

the following Speech. ‘ Gentlemen, This
 ‘ being the first Day of our *Lent*, *Pluto*
 ‘ has sent me as his Jester to divert you
 ‘ for an Hour. I would warn all honest
 ‘ Men that are curious to see this Enter-
 ‘ tainment, to keep their Hands in their
 ‘ Pockets ; as for Fools and Knaves, I al-
 ‘ low them the Favour to treat me with
 ‘ some poch’d Eggs and hard Pippins, a few
 ‘ Turnips, and other Roots, to relish the
 ‘ Flesh they give me. I hope those Gen-
 ‘ tlemen that are skilled in the Miftery of
 ‘ Diving, whose attractive Fingers seize
 ‘ every Thing they touch, will be so just
 ‘ to themselves as to revenge my Cause on
 ‘ those Fools that fling away their Eggs
 ‘ to Day, and starve their Pancakes to
 ‘ Morrow. If there beany Papifts here,
 ‘ I would warn them not to touch Flesh
 ‘ this *Lent*, leſt their Galigaskins should
 ‘ atone for their Faults, and their Priests
 ‘ fatten and thrive on their Sins. The
 Sheriff having a Fellow-feeling, was fa-
 vorable to him, and ordered him to be
 unyoked. *Tom* was wonderfully pleased
 to see me, and having ſatisfied his Curio-
 ſity in ſeveral Questions about his Friends
 and merry Campanions, By Gad, *Dick*,
 (says he) this is the Third Time I have
 been made Overseer of *Brandipolis*; I am
 at

at present Pulpit-drummer to a little Anabaptist Conventicle ; *Nel Gwyn* is one of my Flock ; I condemned this Back-sliding Sister lately for the Levities of her Tail to dive anew for Salvation, and to be redipt in Frosty Weather, as a Penance and Composition for Sin, tho' it is the Opinion of all the Righteous that it must be a very severe Frost that can cool her Leachery. One of his Elders approaching us, *Tom* assumed a very Demure Sanctified Look, and vented his Zeal in a Cant proper to his Office, and recommended me as a Well-wisher to their Sect ; the Saint invited us to Dinner : The Wife being indisposed, desired some of Mr. *Brown's* Spiritual Comfort ; he being well read in the Duties of his Office, took the Hint, and improv'd his Time so well that she was in a Condition to appear at Dinner. The Collation being ready, he required some Time to put his Face in a begging Posture ; in the beginning of his Grace he behaved himself as submissive as a hungry Mumper, but in a little Time began to make several wild Excursions about the Man of Sin ; and having sent him to Hell with a *Mittimus*, attack'd the Scarlet Whore with his usual Vigour,

bestow-

bestowing several pretty Epithets on her ; I winkt to him to shorten it, and *Tom*, who had always a very complaisant Conscience, was ready to oblige me. The Wife having commend-ed him as a Heart-refreshing Teacher, presented us with the choicest Bits ; the Repast being ended, he counterfeited a violent Disorder, and *Dorothy* was im-mediately dispatch'd to bring an Edifying Cordial, of which we both drank very plentifully. Having returned Thanks for their Civility, I return'd Home, and found *Jo Hains* warmly engaged over a Pot of Stout with *Plowden*, that Sage Apprentice of the Law, who keeps an Illustrious Spunging-house here. My Shoes being reduced to a thin Sole with no Heels, like *Irish Brogues*, *Jo* re-commended me to a Shoemaker's Shop that was kept by *King Pym* ; *Stroud*, *Va-lentine*, *Diggs*, and *Elliot* are his Journey-men ; the Learned *Selden* is his Lastma-ker ; and *Hampden* keeps a Cobler's Stall under his Shop : While I was fitting myself with a Pair of Shoes, *Jo Hains* came in, and *Pym* began to mutter a-bout Monopolies, Loans, Ship-money, and inveighed against King *Charles* for raising Illegal Taxes, commending the *Scotch*

Scotch for selling him ; but, says he, had I the Disposal of him I would have made a better Penyworth of it ; *Jo* was not a little incens'd to hear the Memory of that Pious Prince abused, and urged the Crime with such strong Arguments, that *Pym* was sensible of it, but said, that Charity commanded us to believe that they repented of it ; repent, says *Jo*, so did *Judas* repent, but their Repentance did not come up to his, for they neither hanged themselves, nor restored the Money ; *Pym* was so enraged at the Jest that he ordered his Journeymen to give us some Stirrup-Oil ; but we being aware of it prevented their Trouble. Passing by a little Stationer's Shop that was kept by *Pryn*, he recommended to us several Ingenious Tracts, such as, *Crumbs of Comfort for God's Chickens* ; *A Spiritual Shove for a Heavy-arsed Christian* ; Daniel Burges's *Cloak lengthened for the Advantage of his Congregation at the Day of Judgment* ; *Pryn's Sufferings for the Good Old Cause* ; *Two Penyworth of Warnings against the Scarlet Whore* ; *The Ninety-nine Plagues of a Pox* : Or, Hugh Peter's *Ingenious Discourse on David's Complaint of his dry Bones*. My Poverty denied me the Power

Power of satisfying my Curiosity ; I thanked him for his Civility, and we adjourned to *Hugh Peters's* Fencing-school, where Satan and he have had several Rencounters. Mr. *David Williamson* is Journeyman to *Hugh*, and sells his Fire and Brimstone under him by Retale ; I was surprized to see with what Dexterity he ogled Heaven, and a Rich Widow that sat in the opposite Gallery, at the same Time : In the Beginning of his Ejaculations he was as familiar with the Almighty, as if he had been of his Cabinet Council ; towards the Close of it he had a finart Engagement with the Scarlet Whore : The Difficulty of the Exercise made him foam and storm, as if he designed to bully Heaven into a Compliance with his Desires. The Exercise being over, he dissected his Text with great Ingenuity ; I was surprized to see the whole Congregation as dexterously performing all the Exercise of a Snuff-Box, as if they had been bred at *Will's*, till I was informed by *Jo* that it was right fine Snuff to awake a Drousy Christian ; it was made by the Ministers, and sold by them to the Elders, who sell it by Retale to the Congregation ; and commonly it is the best Perquisite of the

D Teacher's

Teacher's Employment, each Member being enjoined to supply himself Quarterly with a certain Quantity of it : Being weary of his fulsome Repetitions, we left him with one Hand in his Cod-piece, pulling up his Breeches, and the other adjusting his Peruke. There was a great Throng of Old Women without the Chapel sucking in with great Pleasure the Godly Sound ; we wandred thro' several Lanes, till we had lost ourselves in an Apartment belonging to the Prophets ; *Cassandra*, Sir *Richard Bulkely*, and Dr. *Connor*, are the chief of the Sect ; the Doctor designs to take Sir *Richard* to pieces, and having boil'd him in *Medea's* Kettle with other Ingredients, to make him a Handsome Proper Gentleman. I saw the Queen of *Sheba* here, who has bought so many Penyworths of *Solomon's* Wisdom, that the Parish is hardly able to maintain her Children. I stepped into a little adjoining Chapel, where I saw a Fellow with a Well - improved Face, playing several Tricks of *Hocus Pocus*, holding up a little Bit of Bread, at which they all gap'd, like Birds in a Nest : I expected this Conjuror would show some Slight of Hand, but having held it up a considerable Time, he swallowed this Morsel

Morsel of Infinity. We changed our Station for the Advantage of the Prospect, so resolving to be aforehand with him in the Wine, slipt the Bottle into his Pocket, and put a Bottle of Red-Ink in its Stead : The Jugler pouring it forth, was surpriz'd at the Colour, they all crying out a Miracle, a Miracle : The Show being over this Jugler retired to his Lodgings, where he expos'd it several Days to his own great Advantage, and to the Satisfaction of those that covet to be impos'd on ; I went to a little Coffee-house kept by *Jack Tutchin*, where were *Hobbes* and *Spinoza* reading those celebrated Tracts of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and the *Tale of a Tub*, with great Transports of Joy. There was a Rumour here that Orthodox *Ridpath* was made Overseer of *London* and *Westminster*, but it wants Confirmation. The Ingenious *Dodwell* has published an Advertisement, *Whereas he had by indefatigable Study and Industry for Twenty Years, attained to the Art of making a Water which gives Immortality to Souls naturally Mortal*, this is to give Notice that it is to be Sold at all Booksellers in *Brandipolis* for the Good of Mankind.

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Jack

Jack Tutchin's Intelligence informs us, that Judge *Aeacus* has obtained a *Quietus*, and that the late L. Chief Justice *Holt* is to succeed him. There was a stately Gallows erected here with Two Heads on it, representing *Abel Roper*, and *Orthodox Ridpath*, with the following Verses under them.

*Wit, like a Spunge well fill'd, will only drop,
But squeez'd, it gushes forth in many Streams ;
So Abel beaten, flows with shining Wit,
But unchastis'd, in short Hints his Satyr shows.*

*Inspire, kind Muse, my Genius and my Tongue,
Lest Ridpath should complain I do him Wrong,
Ridpath, that Wretch, that's always void of Sense,
Like Abel, noted for his Impudence.*

Jack Tutchin was Indicted for some Reflections on the most Christian King ; he came to advise with Sir *Bartholomew Shore*, who plainly told him he was a-kin to *Balaam's Ass*, who never spoke but when he saw an Angel ; *Jack* taking the Hint, presented him with a Piece of Gold ; he having perus'd it, told him there were but Two Words of Good *Latin* in it, and advised him to except to them Two, and puzzle the whole Court. Being fatigued with

with *Tutchin's* Impudence, I took a Turn in the *Prado*, and drank a Dram of Royal Gin with the Dutches of *Portsmouth*, who has a little Brandy-shop here. I saw the Renowned *Hector*, who is a Bully to a Baudy-house kept by the Fair *Helen*: The Great *Hercules* officiates here in the humble Sphere of a Porter, and the Charming *Cleopatra* takes Two-pence wet and Two-pence dry. *He-liogabulus* keeps a Farthing Pye-house; and the Famous *Sydenham* writes Receipts under him for making the best Custards and Cheesecakes; *Epicurus* was one of his Cooks, but had for several Years eaten the Profit. I saw *George Fox*, the Quaker, who has assumed to himself the Title of Count of *Phlegethon*, and strictly observes the Rules of the Modern Men of Honour: *George* scorns to take the Lie, or pay his Debts; he lives in Taverns and Baudy-houses, plays Booty at Picquet and Hazard, and fears nothing but a Bailiff or a Spunging-house. I stepped into the Wits Coffee-house, which is kept by the Celebrated Mrs. *Behn*; she has turned her *Oroonoko* into *Rochester*, and now entirely doats on the Extravagant Humour of that Celebrated VVit. I saw a Black Comely Gentleman with a short

short Face, of a very Affable, Courteous Temper, who was mightily careffed by the whole Tribe of Poets; I mistook him, and thought he was the Spectator, but was informed it was the Polite *Horace*: I saw my Lord *Coke* here, who has published an Ingenious Discourse on *Et Cetera*, shewing the abundant Learning that is couch'd in these Two Words: *Lilly*, the Astrologer, is reckoned the most Celebrated Statesman here; he is well improv'd in those Arts that engage the Affections of the Fair Sex, and always bribes the Maids of Honour with alluring Pensions; he is Courteous to his Enemies, and Politick to his Friends, has undone Three Tailors and Two Peruke-makers, quarrelled Nine Times, and like to have fought Once: He has by his Politick Management so far insinuated himself into the Favour of *Pluto*, that he is at present Princie Minister of State: I was extremely pleased when I was at the Hero's Coffee-house, (which is kept by *Plutarch*,) to see the Great *Alexander*, *Julius Caesar*, *Hannibal*, the Duke of *Luxembergh*, General *Tilly*, and Mr. *Twisden*, who displayed the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Conduct and Bravery in such moving Language, as put all these Antient and Modern

Modern Heroes out of Countenance, I observed that a becoming Blush always graced the Countenance of the Great *Alexander* when he heard of the Immortal *Blenheim*. That Gentleman wrote a Poem here last Winter, whose Title was,

*Britannia's Lamentation on the Disgrace
of the Duke of Marlborough.*

*Britannia Sad, to each Complaining Stream
With Sighs repeats Victorious Churchill's Name ;
In flowing Streams she mourns the Hero's Fates,
In boist'rous Storms her Swelling Grief relates ;
In Plaintive Strains she mourns her numerous Scars,
And dreads the Fate of our Intestine Jars ;
In silent Sobs her Sons fierce Hatred views,
And with Parental Love for Peace she sues ;
With Joy Reviving France beholds my Tears,
And her exalting Monarch checks his Fears :
With pleasing Hopes he views those Laurels fade,
Which I in Honour of my Hero made.
Fame loudly echoes to the farthest Spheres
The Hero's Fall. Affrighted Belgia bears
The dismal Sound to Lille, and Scheldis fled,
To Hocksted, Oudenard, and Mons, convey'd,
The loudest Heralds of the Hero's Fame,
The rapid Danube, and the Silver Stream,
In rowling Billows to their Heads retreat,
In noisie Murmurs Churchill's Fall repeat :
First Schellenbergh the Rising Hero view'd,
And dy'd his Countreys Arms in Gallic Blood.
Thro' Fenny Woods retreat with Pauick Fear, (bear ;
Trembling when Churchill's dreadful Name they
Pursuing Hosts are imag'd to their Minds,
In shady Groves New Foes their Fancies finds.*

The

*The Shadow of the lofty Oak appears
A Giant Huge to their creating Fears.*

*Blenheim succeeds, the Wonder of the Age,
The Gallick Troops submit to British Rage ;
Tallard bemoans his own unhappy Fate,
And False Bavaria now repents too late.*

*From Albion's Cliffs Britannia gently rear'd
Her graceful Head, and saw her Sons besmear'd
With reeking Gore of prostrate Dying Foes,
And smil'd to see their Pity for their Woes :
The Troops surrendered at the Hero's Call,
The waving Ensigns now adorn our Hall ;
Proud of new Schemes, Villars his Fall pursues,
And Gallia's Loss with equal Fate renewes.*

*The Royal Progeny succeed in vain,
Tutor'd by Vendome how to fly the Plain,
And shew their Father's Destiny again :
Each in his Turn submits to Churchill's Call,
But altogether triumph at his Fall.*

*In troubled Seas of Grief and Passion lost,
Britannia views her Kind Entreaty lost.
Her Moans, her Tears, her Sighs, are all in vain,
Whilst Deadly Rancour and fierce Hate remain.*

I am, with all Respect,

Your most Humble Servant,

Richard Estcourt.



F I N I S.